

THE PANOLA LYNX.

By Keith & Rockett.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Two Dollars in Advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1845.

NO. 46.

VOL. 1.

THE LYNX.

Printed and published every SATURDAY at two DOLLARS in advance. Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements of a personal nature will in variably be charged double price of ordinary ad vertisements.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a suf ficient amount to make it for the interest of busi ness the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars. The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payable always in ad vance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered and if paid for. Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on deliv ery.

POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

Mail Arrangements,

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday and Saturday at 12 o'clock noon, and departs for Memphis at 1 o'clock the same days.

The Mail from Oxford arrives on Wednes day evenings, at 7 o'clock, and departs Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton, arrives Thursday evenings, at 7 o'clock, and departs on Monday mornings at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Carrollton closes on Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The Mail for Oxford closes on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The Mail for Memphis closes on Tuesday and Saturdays at 12 o'clock noon.

THE ROVER.

Fourth volume commencing on the 21st of Sept. 1844.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE of Tales, Poetry, Legends, WIT, ROMANCE AND ART.

Edited by SEAN SMITH, and published by S. B. DEAN & Co., No. 123 Fulton St., New York.

Without intending or wishing to dis parage other works, the publishers parade guilty to the charge of attempt ing to make the Rover the best, the cheapest for the price, among the vari ous periodicals of the country. Each weekly number contains sixteen large pages of beautifully printed choice mat ter, with a beautiful steel engraving, and is done up in a highly embellish ed illuminated cover, making two vol umes a year, comprising 332 pages and 52 steel plates.

The work has now lived to an age to give it in some degree a character to speak for itself, and to warrant con fidence in its stability. We prefer not to sound our own praises, but let our works, if they will praise us. We have labored hard to make a magazine for the great mass of the community, that should be the best that could pos sibly be offered for the price, combining amusement with instruction, dissemin ating a taste for the arts and encour aging a wholesome and elevated litera ture.

How far we have been successful in the attainment of these objects does not become us to say. That the Rover has been sustained by the public, through its infancy and up to the present time, although left to make its own way in the world without any extraneous aid or influence, is a recommendation of its character and an evidence of public sentiment in its favor, which makes us both gratified and grateful. Without any material change in the plan of the work we shall enter upon the fourth volume of the work with a steady pur pose to sustain its interest and useful ness, and to embrace every opportuni ty to increase the value of the work.

TERMS.—Single copies three dollars a year; two copies for five dollars, and five copies for ten dollars. Post Mas ters are authorized by law to forward subscrip tion money free of charge.

GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

N. Y. Saturday Emporium

A WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Of Literature, Agriculture, the Mechan ical and Fine Arts, Political Economy, Criticism, Metropolitan Life, Dom estic and Foreign News, Politi cal and Commercial Intelli gence, Statistics, Tales, Po etry, Music, Engravings, &c., Neutral in poli tics and religion.

EDITED BY EDMUND B. GREEN

The subscribers have made arrange ments for publishing in the city of New York, a weekly newspaper, to be called the "Saturday Emporium." It will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest dimensions, embracing thirty six col umns of reading matter. The quality of the paper and the typographical ex ecution will be of the most superior character. The first number will publish ed on Saturday June 30.

As full accounts will be given, miscellane ous notices, &c., shall not

be surpassed by any other in the United States. It will embrace every thing that can be brought within the range of the newsgatherer, the literature, the letter writer, the poet, philosopher and critic. It will present a daguerreotype view of life as it is—men as they are—matters and things as they seem; and nothing shall be wanting to make it a desirable

NEWSPAPER FOR FAMILIES.

As it shall be unexceptionable in all re spects. It is intended to invest it with that kind of well-written miscellany which will render it eminently qual ified to supply the wants of both city and country readers—affording an agreeable amount of choice variety, with matter of a more solid and important character.

The editorial department has been placed in the hands of a gentleman whose abilities and experience as an editor and writer are well known by the American public. In discharging the duties connected with that department, he will receive, and unite with his own time and personal attention, the aid of some of the best talent in the country.

Arrangements have been made for an extensive Home and Foreign Cor respondence, and writers of eminence are engaged to contribute in this man ner sketches of men and society with portraits of all the variety of custom and character to be found in various parts of the world.

A striking feature in the general character of the Saturday Emporium, will be its bold and graphic

SKETCHES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

There will appear from time to time, illustrated by engravings, and will form a new era in the developments of so ciety, civil, social, and domestic, political and public life. The evils abound ing in fashionable society will be un masked, the deep degradation of the abandoned made visible, the spirit of licentiousness which prevails to an alarming extent in all classes of the com munity, walking abroad at noonday with a bold and independent air, will be rebuked and held up for public gaze and, in fine, public abuses and private evils, of whatever nature or name, will be confronted and exposed, and what ever may tend to promote the public welfare shall receive encouragement and support.

The publishers will spare neither labor or expense in furnishing the pub lic with a paper which shall be unequal led, in any attainable point of excel lence, by any other similar publication in the world.

Subscription—Two Dollars per year, in advance.

Letters on business must be post paid in order to receive attention.

Address WARD & COMPANY, 30 Ann street New York.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE REGISTER.

The undersigned having purchased of F. A. TYLER Esq., the Weekly Regis ter Office, deem it their duty to address themselves to its Patrons and the public, in relation to the manner in which it will, in future, be conducted.

In thus assuming the high duty of conducting a public journal, they may, perhaps have presumed too much upon their abilities and the indulgence of the public; but they feel assured, that if application and unremitting attention, be the chief requisites to ensure the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public, the success of the Register will be certain.

The political aspect of the Register, will undergo no change. To the Whig party we belong; and in the ranks of that party, we intend to do battle, whether in victory or in defeat, and around us, or defeat and ruin rage around us. We hold the principles of the Whig party to be the true principles of the Govern ment—the principles handed down to us by the sages of 76.

Although the result of the recent con test has proved most disastrous to us—although our banner has trailed in the dust—although its "stars and stripes have grown suddenly dim," and our armies routed and scattered, every where, yet, like valiant soldiers, we will snatch up our banner, and brush the dust from its folds; and rally for another contest.

The Register will not be devoted ex clusively to Political intelligence. As "variety is the spice of life," we intend to amuse and delight our readers, while we shall at the same time publish what will both edify and instruct and as the publishers will confine their attention, exclusively to the business of conduct ing the paper, they may venture to promise their subscribers an interest ing journal. For the next two years is a political contest for the Presidency not to be anticipated; and, during such time, we intend to strive by all means, to please our patrons of both parties, always giving all a fair chance to be heard, excluding personalities, and giving offence to none.

The Terms of the Register, will be \$3 00 in advance.

WM. S. KEITH, F. Y. ROCKETT.

PANOLA, Dec. 14, 1844.

As will appear from our head, we have changed the name of our paper.

The Weekly National Intelligencer.

This paper being made up of such portion of the National Intelligencer proper as can be compressed within the compass of a single newspaper, contin ues to be issued and mailed to subscribers every Saturday at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance in all cases—no ac count being opened with subscribers to the weekly paper.

To bring this paper yet more near ly within the reach of such as desire to take by the year a cheap paper from the seat of the General Government, a re duction will be made in the price of it where a number of copies are ordered and paid for by any one person or as sociation at the following rates:

For Ten Dollars six copies will be sent. For Twenty Dollars thirteen copies; and For each sum of Ten Dollars, above Twenty eight copies will be forwarded; so that a remittance of Fifty Dollars will command seven copies.

Publishers of papers throughout the United States and Territories who will give a single insertion to this ad vertisement (with this note annexed) and send one of their papers to this office with this advertisement marked there in, shall receive the Weekly National Intelligencer for one year free of charge

Administrators Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Jno Buie dec'd to Allan Mathews by the Probate Court of Tallahatchie county Miss., at the No vember term 1845; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to come forward and make im mediate payment, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present the same for payment, duly au thenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred. Given under my hand and seal at Charleston, this 12, day of Nov'r 1845. ALLAN MATHEWS, [seal] Administrator of Jno Buie dec'd.

Administrators Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of William Quarles decas ed having been granted to the under signed by the Probate Court of Tal lahatchie county Miss., at the November term thereof 1845. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make im mediate payment, and those having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them duly au thenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred. Tnos. A. HILL, Administrator of Wm Quarles, dec'd.

Jailor's Notice.

WAS committed to the Jail of Pa nola County, by John Stanley, an acting Jus tice of the Peace, in and for said County, as a runaway, on the 21st day of Novem ber 1845. A negro boy, supposed to be a runaway, who says his name is JAMES, and that he belongs to John Garret living about fifty miles from Memphis Tennessee, on the Road lead ing to Sommersville Tennessee. Said boy is about 19 or 20 years of age, about five feet 8 or 9 inches high, black color, spare built, and has a slight stoppage in his speech, his clothing consists of a cotton shirt, cotton pants, and a wool hat, &c.

The owner of said negro, is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs. J. J. CADWELL, Sheriff.

Panola Nov. 21, 1845 42-tf.

KEYES, WILSON & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

31 Camp Street, NEW ORLEANS.

WOULD again tender their services to their friends and the public gen erally, in the sale of Cotton and the transactions of Commission business in all its branches, pledging themselves to use every exertion to promote the interest of, and render satisfaction to those who may confide business to their charge.

We have Open Policies of Insurance, to cover all shipments of Cotton con signed to our address. Those wishing Insurance will write across the face of the Bill of Lading, "Insurance want ed," and forward the original to us by mail. We shall keep all Cotton fully insured against fire here until sold.

We will furnish our friends with Bagging, Rope, Family Groceries, &c., at the lowest cash price, when ordered. Liberal cash advances will be made on Cotton or Bills of Lading, in hand. J. W. LUMPKIN is our authorized Agent, and will promptly attend to any business consigned to him. Oct 22d. 40-6n.

POETRY.

Written for the Lynx.

TO — * * C.

I'll think of thee In the sweet hour of day's decline, When from life's bustle free, I sit beneath the clustering vine, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee When countless stars are sparkling high, If deeply musing I should be, While gazing on the mid-night sky, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee While gathered 'round the social hearth, With hearts and voices all of glee, If I should miss some tones of mirth, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee When grate full hearts to Heaven ascend, And when on bended knee, I breathe in prayer the name of friend, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee When far from home's remembrance's spot, And shouldst thou die ere me, And by all others be forgot, I'll think of thee.

BASIL THE GREAT.

Panola, Dec. 10, 1845.

THE LIEUTENANT'S TALE,

OR, THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER'S LAST HOUR.

A TALE OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

—take him hence: "The world shall not save him."

In the spring of the year 183—, I was stationed with my company in Florida, where we daily expected an attack from a body of Indians, who had completely surrounded us, though keeping at a respectful distance. Our dangerous position rendered it impera tive that the outposts should be secured by an unusually strong guard; and at one point, more exposed than the rest, picked men were stationed, of tried fidelity and firmness, upon whom the safety of the camp mainly depended.

It was past twelve at night, and the stars, which a few hours before had decked the sky in glowing splendor, were now obscured by flitting clouds, that foretold a storm. Not being able to sleep, I rose from my bed, threw my cloak around myself and sallied out.

The garrison was hushed in utter silence—a silence whose intensity was painful, and well I wot, that within that fort were many eyes which courted the sleepy god.

The fort itself was a crazy affair, very much dilapidated, and has since gone to decay; and at the period of the commencement of my story, could have afforded us but slight protection against the vigorous onset of a determined foe. Soon after emerging from my quarters, I encountered the Major, who, being somewhat anxious about our situation, and whilst awakeful, had come out, like myself, for a nocturnal ramble. We had been sauntering about for some little time, occasionally conversing in an under tone, and were approaching a defective place in the pickets, near the south-west angle, when a yell, such as I never heard before, and never wish to hear again, broke upon the stillness of the night, not a hundred feet from our position, with most terrifying effect. The Major exclaimed—"some poor fellow has been killed, and that is the shout of victory," and both of us ran quickly to the pickets, in the direc tion from which the yell proceeded, where we knew a sentinel had been posted. Here we found poor Edwards crouching in a sitting position, his eyes closed, not in death, but in sleep, and about four inches above his head was a tomahawk deeply buried in a picket.

"Would it had not missed its mark," muttered the Major, taking the musket softly from the sleeper's hand, and laying it aside; "Lieutenant, call the officer of the guard."

I will not attempt to portray the agony of mind which he suffered; his trial came on next day, and he was brought forward.

Where was the martial air which had always distinguished him among his comrades? Instead of being the hearty, robust soldier that he was a few hours before, you would have judged that he was just risen from a sick bed.

His doom was sealed; and he heard his sentence, that he should die the next morning at sun-rise, without evinc ing the slightest agitation; and when the order by the court, "remove the prisoner," struck his ear, he resumed his place between the guards and strode haughtily away. About 1 o'clock, P. M. the officer of the guard informed me that Edwards expressed a desire to see me before his execution. I imme diately repaired to the old block-house, and in a moment was with the prisoner.

"Well, Edwards, I am grieved to my inmost soul to see you here, condemned to die, and yet so young. It is hard, very hard, but I am constrained to confess the justice of your sentence."

"I know it: I am justly condemned, and am willing to expiate my crime with my life—but let that pass. I have sent for you, in the hope that you will grant me a favor."

"Name it, Edwards, for I will cheer fully and faithfully execute any rea sonable commission you may intrust to my care," was my reply. After ex pressing his gratitude for my compliance he began his story nearly after the fol lowing manner:

"I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and until I had attained my seventeenth year, my life passed as happily as nat urally joyous spirits, and the indul gence of affluent parents could make it."

"About that period I formed an ac quaintance with a beautiful girl, nearly one year younger than myself, and ere many months had passed away, we were tenderly and devotedly attached to each other. At length, soon after attaining my eighteenth year, we were clandestinely married, but our happi ness was of short duration. My mar riage was discovered by my parents; I was sent to sea; the vessel was wreck ed, and I returned home; but my wife was gone, no one knew whither. My father would storm and rave, and beg me not to mention her name. Her parents had removed to parts unknown, and all my efforts to ascertain her resi dence or her fate proved utterly abor tive."

"Nearly two years had elapsed, with out affording any clue to the fate of my lost treasure. I became taciturn and unhappy, and at length enlisted as a private soldier under—No mat ter; it will soon be over."

"I wish to commit this package to your care, and after I am laid beneath the turf, should pleasure or duty lead you to New England, will you, if possible, seek out Ellen, and give it to her?"

"Only a week since, I received a let ter from her, informing me that she was residing with her uncle; that her parents were both dead, bequeathing her all their property, asking me to point out the most practicable mode for obtaining my discharge, as she doubted not her ability to procure it for me. It was only yesterday I was indulging the pleasing hope, that before many months should roll away, we should again be united under happier auspices. For girl! she little thinks how soon I am to receive my eternal discharge. If you please, sir, do not tell her I was shot, and died in disgrace. Can't you tell her that I was killed in an engagement, or any thing but disgrace?"

I promised him that she should not know it.

Then drawing a miniature from his bosom, he continued, "I wish to give you this also, when my last moment ar rives; until that time I desire to wear it next to my heart. My conduct may appear to be the result of weakness, but it is my last whim, and may I hope that you will indulge it."

I promised to do all he desired, and asked him if he had anything farther to request before he should be led to execution.

"No, that is all. God bless you for your kindness, and I—" but he could say no more; and as he grasped my hand, the big tears fell hot and fast upon it. I hastily left the prison, my heart in an agony of sorrow for the untimely fate of the wretched man."

As I left the block-house, I heard a tremendous shout, and soon learned that General G—had forced his way through the enemy and had just entered the fort with his command. Every eye was lighted up with joy at the prospect of a speedy release from this station. Yes, by the next noon we should all be on the march, and the old fort would again be lonely and desert ed. Did I say all? No, the bones of one must lie here, and his name be forgotten. There would be none left to mourn: all must feel that he deserv ed the fate he suffered, yet still we might pity him.

I had just paid my respects to the General and had again returned to my quarters with a heavy heart, when the orderly sergeant presented himself for orders for the morrow, and I then re collected that it was our company who were to furnish the execution party, that should send their comrade into the presence of his God.

Recollecting myself, I gave the neces sary orders, and had carefully laid aside the package entrusted to my care, when I was informed that General G—le sired my attendance upon him imme diately. I hastened to his quarters, and found him engaged in earnest con versation with Major B—and other officers. I only overheard the words "he must die!"—when General G—, turning towards me, asked if I was officer of the guard for to morrow."

On my replying in the affirmative, he directed me to have every thing prop erly arranged for the execution; dis missing me with the simple remark, "that's all."

"That's all! How very little do we appreciate the woes of others while basking in the sunshine of prosperity ourselves."

I passed a sleepless night, dreaming, as it were, awake, and experienced a relief when I heard the first call for reveille. The sun rose brilliantly; not a cloud obscured the heavens, not even a zephyr lurked among the forest leaves; nature was hushed, as if she was awaiting in breathless silence, the

musket's report that should hurry a troubled soul into eternity.

But our duty was before us; the hour of execution had arrived, and the crim inal was brought forth. Of all the ac tors in that sad scene, no one appeared more composed than poor Edwards. He was dressed in linen pants of snowy whiteness, white stockings and black pumps and a shirt elegantly wrought by the delicate fingers of his young wife.

las, how little did she dream that it was to become his shroud! He wore no cap or roundabout and his dark clus tering hair, overhanging his noble forehead, looked as if it belonged more to some bright eyed maiden.

Motioning me to his side, he drew the miniature from his bosom and tak ing one last, fond look pressed it to his lips, and turning away concealing his tears placed it in my hand.

I heard a deep sigh, but when he turned his face again towards me, all was calm. "Now, sir, I am ready." He started at the sight of his coffin, but the pang was momentary; and kneel ing upon it he was asked if he requested any thing farther. "Nothing save that you will take sure aim," was the reply.

The execution detail took its position and Captain D—stepped forward and whispered a few words to each of the men composing it, which I could not hear. Choking with emotion, I gave the command, "ready, aim, fire," the discharge followed, but not at the heart of poor Edwards, for instantly after the report, the words, "you are pardoned, Edwards," broke forth close to my position; and turning, I met the cheerful look of Gen. G—.

Soon after Gen. G—had arrived in the fort, on the day previous to the execution, he learned that one of the garrison was condemned to die; and calling the officers together for consul tation upon the subject, finally deter mined to pardon Edwards, in consid eration of the previous excellent char acter of the latter, but concealed his in tention from every one except D—, who at the moment of execution, as directed by the General whispered each man to aim above the conde mned man's head.

The scene of unbounded rejoicing that spread throughout the garrison on the announcement of the pardon, ex ceeds my powers of description. None were a happier countenance than Henry Edwards; he had been a great favori te with all, and ever after proved a valuable soldier; indeed Gen. G—once remarked that there was not a better officer in his regiment than Ser geant Edwards.

It was nearly six years since the oc currence of the events, and my health had become impaired by long service in a climate unsuited to my constitution. I obtained a "leave of absence," and went to Boston to reside for two or three months. During my stay in that city, I made diligent inquiries after Edwards, whose enlistment had expired and who, as I understood from Gen. G., resided in Charleston, but for a long time could learn nothing about him.

At length, as I was strolling about the city one day accompanied by a friend, I stepped into a make some trifling purchases, and soon after en tering, I observed a very gentlemanly man whose countenance seemed famil iar to me, but my eye rested on him only for moment, as my attention was called to the other objects.

Presently my friend exclaimed, "why, what the duce does the fellow want? he looks as if he was going to jump through one or the other of us." I was ready to deliver a homely against im pudence in general, and him in partic ular, when he surprised me with "yes it is—no—but it is!" and before I could utter a word, he had grasped my hand and given it such a squeeze as brought the tears into my eyes.

"Well, well, this may be excessively agreeable to you but it is not so to me." "Is this Lieutenant—?"

"Yes, but who are you, sir?"

"You don't know me? Well, that's the best thing I've heard for months!"

My name, sir, is Henry Edwards."

Why, I have been looking for you these three weeks, having by accident learn ed that you were expected to visit this city. Now, Lieutenant, your friend must excuse you; and you must accom pany me to my house immediately."

My dear Ellen has long since learned to esteem Lieutenant—as one of nature's noblemen, whom she cannot entertain too courteously, for whose friendship to her husband she can never be sufficiently grateful!"

I must acknowledge that I was ex tremely delighted to meet Mr. Edwards and without a moment's hesitation pro ceeded with him to his house.

The reception given me by his beau tiful and accomplished lady, was such as one might expect an elegant and re fined woman would bestow on a valued friend.

During my sojourn in Boston, I was ever a welcome guest in the family of Mr. Edwards. Inheriting a large es tate from his father, who deceased some two years ago, he lived in a style of easy independence, surrounded by every comfort, and many of the luxuries of life; and it was with heart felt re